

643. h. 6.
//

SONGS, CHORUSSES, &c.

As they are performed in the

NEW ENTERTAINMENT

OF

HARLEQUIN'S JUBILEE,

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN.

By Henry Woodward.

H.



L O N D O N :

Printed for W. GRIFFIN, at GARRICK'S HEAD, in
Catharine-street, Strand. 1770.

[Price 6d.]

SOME OF THE

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LONDON

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ADVERTISEMENT.

MR. WOODWARD claims no Merit in this trifling Production, but the *Thought*, which arose from the Prologue to the *Jubilee*;---he thinks it but Justice to acknowledge his Obligations to those excellent Artists, Messrs. *Richards* and *Dall*.---Though he is not entirely free from Vanity, any more than his Neighbours, he has not enough to suppose that he has any Pretensions to Poetry;---his Business was Explanation;---and he meant no more:---yet he really thinks (from the Reception it met with) that he was in Luck, when he wrote the *Magpie-ballad*;---he sincerely wishes he could be more so in the Manner of expressing his Gratitude to the Public for the great Indulgence they have ever shewn to his Performances, in every Branch of his Profession.

Clement's-Inn, }
January 29, 1770. }

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Clement's Lane, 1770.

SONGS, CHORUSSES, &c.

S P R I T E.

Sung by Master LEONI.

R E C I T A T I V E.

NOR accident, nor time,

Nor element, nor clime,

Can fix'd affection move;

The persecuting fire,

Adds fuel to the fire

When he opposes love.

B

I.

I:

All's quiet, still, and hush'd !
 And you have nought to fear ?
 Thy rival's scheme is crush'd,
 And happiness is near !

II.

Of sprites a friendly train,
 Shall ever be at hand ;
 All opposition's vain,
 If I but wave this wand.

III.

A watchman's shape I took ;—
 Thy mistress next I'll be :—
 Each gesture, form, and look,
 Shall all unite in me.

IV.

Let virtue be thy choice;
Unblemish'd ev'ry kiss;—
All parties shall rejoice,
And realize the bliss!

Be THE

THE

M A G P L E S,

A B A L L A D.

Sung by Mr. DU-BELLAMY and Mrs. BAKER:

I.

YE frolicksome lads and ye lasses,
Who laugh at old Time as he passes,
Let us chaunt forth in song whilst our tongues we
can wag,

That the mag of all mags is the Jubilee Mag!

Jubilee mag,

THE Tongues can wag!

That the mag of all mags is the Jubilee Mag!

II.

Each mag has its different pleasures,
 Each landlord his different treasures,
 To make our guests merry we never were lag,
 Then the mag of all mags is the *Pantomime Mag!*

Pantomime mag,

Never lag,

Then the mag of all mags is the *Pantomime Mag!*

III.

Old Mag shall be proud to give laughter,
 And young Mag shall come hopping after;
 Of his Jubilee Punch the *old one* shall brag,
 And the *young one* shall boast of his *Pantomime Mag!*

Pantomime mag,

Old one brag,

And the young one shall boast of his *Pantomime Mag!*

IV.

IV.

For custom each magpie shall strive,
 And each shall new fancies contrive,
 As fast as he empties, replenish his cag,
 And the fastest that fills shall be deem'd *the best Mag!*
 Deem'd the best mag!
 Fill the cag!

And the fastest that fills shall be deem'd *the best Mag!*

V.

Of Magpies we know 'tis the nature,
 To peck at each other, and chatter;
 Like wits of the stage they will crib for relief,
 And he that cribs *most* is the *first* that cries *Thief*;
First that cries thief,
 Cribs for relief,

And he that cribs *most* is the *first* that cries *Thief*!

VI.

To force a good trade is the plan—

Each magpie will do all he can ;—

Pro Publico bono will shew his best skill,

For the will of all wills is the Public's good will ;

Public's good will!

Matchless still!

For the will of all wills is the Public's good will.

S P R I T E.

GODDESS of pageantry and show,

Queen of the many-colour'd bow,

Attend thy vor'ries;—let them know

How to elude the hunter's chace;

Hie to thy faithful servant's aid,

Bestriend a persecuted maid,

Let love and virtue be obeyed,

Convey them to the wish'd-for place.

IRIS IN A RAINBOW.

By Mrs. BAKER.

WHEN parents inclination force,
 Great Juno interferes;
 Of tyranny she checks the course,
 And stops the virgin's tears.

The goddess's wills, I strait attend
 This pair to Avon's banks,
 Where all their griefs shall have an end,
 And Iris, praise and thanks.

C SPRITE.

S P R I T E.

I.

SAY, what's amiss?—

Why, wherefore this

Severe disgrace?—

That scourge but shews,

Thy master knows

Nor pow'r, nor place.

II.

Tho' Pantomime,

In Shakespeare's time,

Was all unknown;

He knew full well,

The pow'r of spell,

That pow'r his own!

III.

The king o'th' stage,
Shall feel my rage,

For this affront :

Hence !—let him know,

I'll spoil his shew ;—

Depend upon't !—

IV.

Ere *Justice* dine,

His skill and mine

Shall both be known :

Iris in rain,

Her spouts shall drain ;—

No pageant shewn !

V.

(*Enter Pursuers.*)

More plagues at hand—

Then feel my wand!

Its power know!

(*Thunder, Lightning, &c.*)

My anger ends;

Embrace, be friends!—

And join the show!—

VI.

Fig for sublime

Blank verse, or rhyme;

Let *Pageants* run;

Shakespeare give way,

Be this the day

For Whim and LUN.

LAST

LAST SONG AND CHORUS.

SONGS grotesque, and jocund raise,
 To LUN, who merited our praise!
 Who ransack'd Heav'n, Sea, Earth and Den,
 For Monsters, Deities and Men;
 Who, *Proteus* like, cou'd vary shape,
 And change to Spaniel, Dwarf and Ape:—
 Whose fancy, Nature's self outrun;—
 Then songs of triumph raise to LUN.

F I N I S.

1833

LAST SONG AND CHORUS

SONG 2. Good day and good night

1. I will who married our maid

Who married the son of the

the daughter of the

Who married the son of the

And change to the

And change to the

And change to the

1833



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P. 21

A NEW

MUSICAL INTERLUDE

OF THE

EFFECTS OF

OF THE



DRURY LANE

LONDON

Printed for W. GRIFFITHS, at GRIFFITHS'S HEAD, No. 6,

St. Paul's Church-yard.

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